



Zombie Diaries



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

When I died, I never realized how much it would change my life. I don't miss the sex. I look down and think easy come, easy go. Food though, that's different. I can't taste anything, anymore but I have this indescribable yearning for warm, living flesh. Once upon a time it was fine wines, delicate flavours. What did these things taste like I will never know. I can't remember anything much about my previous existence, especially with regards to the basic senses. Everything about my life is so vague, so unreal nowadays. It's good losing all those memories. I no longer feel the pain of the past. All the emotional hurt I caused, lost in a fog of indifference. I don't feel in the other way either. I was hit by a speeding car, driven by a crazed driver, eager to get away from me. I just picked myself up, dusted myself down and walked off like nothing had happened. This road rage incident would normally have had me hospitalised. Why the panic I wondered? He could have run faster than me any day. In fact he could have walked faster as well: We can only catch others when we hunt in packs or catch them unawares (asleep, eating, in the toilet, panicking to get out of a door or a window and fumbling at the latch or handle).

Life makes no 'scents' to me anymore. I hear werewolves are the opposite. Smell is heightened but not in my case. I may stink because I'm composed of decomposing flesh but I can't tell (Even your best friends won't tell you). Rotten sense of taste, smell, touch. Can't see or hear well either. I'm rotten all round.

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